



Easter Sunday

Dear HW:

What a beeyooteful day! The sun is shining and the sky is blue and the temp is in the 50s . . which for Maine is something only a little less than tropical. So altho the Easter Bunny found slowly shrinking snowdrifts hereabouts, at least he saw lots of flower-decked bonnets and other spring finery making their debut this morning.

Your recent note telling me of your current deadline doings was fantastically good news! As you know, I'm sure, I can hardly wait for your next entry. I've read WII twice - once quickly because I couldn't WAIT to see what you'd written, and then for a more careful perusal. It is still unbelievable to me that all those things (people, places and things) went right down the drain in the report (still a lower-case "R") and also down the FBI drain! Often on Sunday nights at 8:00 when Efram Zimbalist is doing such a superman-type job of FBIing, I wonder if Edgar is watching . . and if so, if he's taking notes! I hope so.

We keep a close eye on the papers, magazines and TV for anything and everything out of New Orleans . . and are pinning some big hopes on Jim Garrison & Company. All of which must be your current project bookwise. But am intrigued beyond words by your mention of a Manchester book. Wow, that will do my ol' heart good. Time was when I personally thought he was the greatest, or at least one of the contemporary greats. But for many reasons, including his too-subjective comments in the last issue of LOOK and what apparently is another whitewash of events in his book, I find my view of the man dimming a little . . altho I do think he puts words together in a charming manner.

Sometime soon you'll receive a package and I hope you'll enjoy the contents. It all came about after I got your letter commenting on how you came by your handsome new letterhead. Quite some time has elapsed since then, but it took a little "doing" and has been simmering along on the back burner for weeks! Then finally it was finished . . and will go into the mail as soon as I can take a minute from my desk to get some wrapping done in our shipping department, get some postage affixed, and then to the PO.

Among the several billion other questions I'd LIKE to ask you is this one: when you said "...because I stem from lands and peoples where freedom was not a birthright." ... where were you alluding to (there's that preposition at the end, again!)?

